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4. — SOYER'S *Culinary Campaign. Being Historical Reminiscences of the Late War. With the Plain Art of Cookery for Military and Civil Institutions, the Army, Navy, Public, &c., &c.* By ALEXIS SOYER. London: G. Routledge. 1857. 16mo. pp. 606.

M. SOYER'S account of the Crimean campaign is more original, and far more entertaining, than most of the narratives of that sanguinary passage of recent history. It gives us a detail of what all other writers have strangely neglected. The *kitchens* of barrack, camp, frigate, and hospital are opened to our inspection, and we are allowed to see the process by which armies may be economically fed, and the wants of the palate and the stomach be gratified with poor opportunity and poorer material. M. Soyer magnifies his office. He has no misgiving that cookery is not the most sublime and important of professions. He has immense faith in himself and his noble art. He writes of the campaign as Lamartine writes of the last French Revolution, making himself the central figure, and grouping around himself the other heroes; — Miss Nightingale first, of whom he was the attendant, friend, and invaluable auxiliary, — then the various generals, Raglan, Simpson, Codrington, Barnard, Omer Pacha, Pelissier, — and then the statesmen, doctors, purveyors, and the like. His interviews with all distinguished men and women, titled and untitled, are related most minutely, with an exactness which more than rivals Boswell. Yet this dignified society does not shame his gastronomic enthusiasm. All this array of nobility and aristocracy is brought to assent to the eminence and honor the scientific skill of the greatest living master of the culinary art. The Duchess of Sutherland opens her drawing-rooms to the inventor of sauces as widely as they were opened to the writer of the most famous of romances, and the generals of the allied armies postpone their business and suit their convenience to hear the suggestions of this great dietetic dictator.

This very inordinate vanity, this exaggeration of the value of his services and the importance of his reforms, this singular simplicity of egotism, makes the Crimean cook-book vastly amusing. There is a sameness in its complacent gossip, indeed, but sapidity enough in the vivacious good-humor to offset the wearing effect of so much talk about soups and stews, coffee-pots and camp-stoves, sliced onions and salt beef. The anecdotes are flat, and the attempts at wit are appalling; yet, somehow or other, we get from the volume a better picture of the gay and convivial life of the camp, than we find even in the brilliant sketches of Russell. The elaborate narrative of M. Soyer's prelimi-

naries for his voyage, his swift journey through France, his inspection of the kitchen in the Bonaparte mansion at Ajaccio, his hot extemporized lunch at the Parthenon, his culinary observations at Stamboul and Scutari, his description of the sights and deeds which, in the discharge of his duty, he was called to encounter at Balaclava and Sevastopol, are all consistent with the prime philanthropic purpose of the book.

Kindly M. Soyer announces the secret of his power in the extraordinary list of receipts for hospital, army, and poor-house cookery, and, above all, for London suppers. Those who have patience to read them will doubtless find them valuable.

5. — *La Vie élégante à Paris.* Par LE BARON DE MORTEMART BOISSE, COMTE DE MARLE, Chambellan du Grand Duc de Toscane. Paris: Hachette. 1857. 16mo. pp. 388.

THE high official stations of the author of this volume doubtless give him the right to speak as dictator of the etiquette of the fashionable world. He believes in forms and ceremonies, in bows, gloves, dress, and dances, with most religious devotion, and is confident that his plethoric treatise meets a most profound and radical want. There are many good things in it, certainly, — some most excellent hints, worthy of Rochefoucauld or Chesterfield. But most of the book is very light and trifling gossip, an agglomeration of poor anecdotes, poorer puns, vapid erudition on topics of ceremony, and inane rules of behavior. The prime theory of this Count de Marle is, that politeness is the great end of life, to play the courtier the highest duty of man, and to understand the laws of Parisian elegance the sum of all wisdom. How hypocrisy may be veiled, decorated, and gilded, the arbiter of aristocratic custom seeks to show.

The more trivial the rule, the more M. Mortemart Boisse loves to descant upon it. He insists that in a covered carriage with a lady a man ought never to wear his hat; that *gloves* have high antiquity, being mentioned as early as Homer's *Odyssey* and the *Book of Ruth*; that a man ought never to speak to a sovereign without taking off his gloves, or without using the third instead of the second person in calling that sovereign's name; that a polite man always arrives at a dinner-party *ten minutes after* the designated hour; that an impostor can be known by his style of eating olives (if he eats them with a fork, he is evidently vulgar and unfit for good society); that, in making calls, children and lapdogs ought never to be in the company; that one must never go into ecstasies in the evening over the beauty of any woman, since the next morning's daylight may give her a very differ-